

LIFE



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TEA? Guess Again

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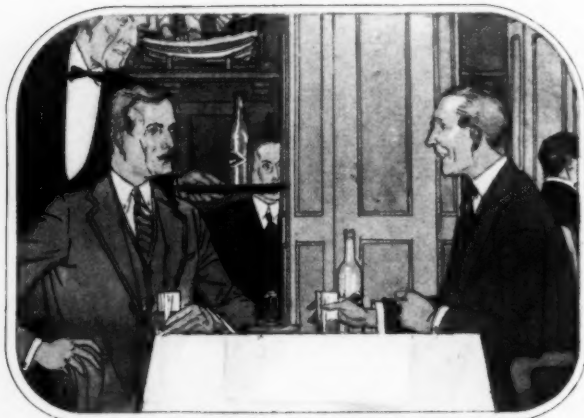
JULY 20, 1922

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Cantrell & Cochrane Ginger Ale

THE STANDARD
OF TWO CONTINENTS



**There's never a question
as to genuine C & C**

—the familiar bottle with the universally known label tells at once all there is to tell—that here is being served the Ginger Ale whose popularity for three quarters of a century has stood unrivalled—*Cantrell & Cochrane*.

Many tens of thousands times each day, at luncheon time, dinner, in leisure hours or moments, at home and abroad, in trains and liners, homes and clubs, hotels and restaurants—the scene is enacted—the serving of the beverage that never fails of approval absolute.

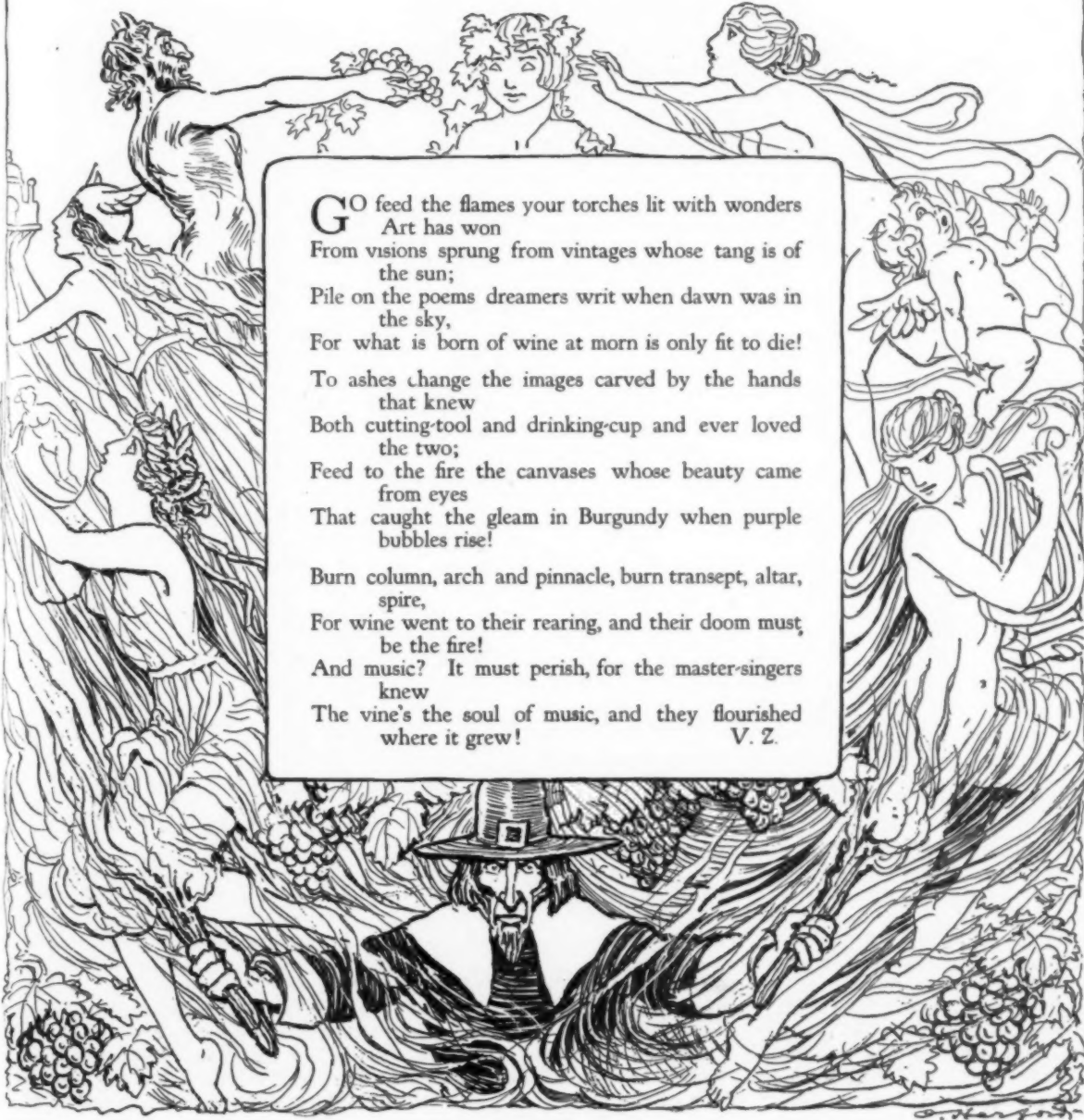
BELFAST

NEW YORK

DUBLIN

L I F E

AUTO·DA·FE



GO feed the flames your torches lit with wonders
Art has won
From visions sprung from vintages whose tang is of
the sun;
Pile on the poems dreamers writ when dawn was in
the sky,
For what is born of wine at morn is only fit to die!
To ashes change the images carved by the hands
that knew
Both cutting-tool and drinking-cup and ever loved
the two;
Feed to the fire the canvases whose beauty came
from eyes
That caught the gleam in Burgundy when purple
bubbles rise!
Burn column, arch and pinnacle, burn transept, altar,
spire,
For wine went to their rearing, and their doom must
be the fire!
And music? It must perish, for the master-singers
knew
The vine's the soul of music, and they flourished
where it grew! V. Z.



Whispers to Wives Of the Other Woman

SHE crops up in every phase of life. And the great trouble about her is, not that she is more beautiful, more talented, or more seductive than a gentleman's legitimate spouse, but that she is a new audience.

Wives are constantly accused of regarding her, and indeed all attractive females, with suspicion and dislike. Not a bit of it! Wives do not dislike the other woman for being the other woman,—although their husbands' second and third choices may appear to them tasteless. What they dislike is the fact of having to sit about with their eyes ostensibly shut to affairs that are as obvious to ordinary intelligence as the sun in the heavens. For the moment a man begins to replay his best parts to the new audience, the old audience knows it. Trust them for that! They remember what that cock of the hat, that curl of the mustache, that particular swagger portends, and before very long they guess for whom these things are portended.

One would not go so far as to suggest that they accept it tamely. No good wife should. But, if they are not really jealous,—if they've got to a point where they love their husbands instead of being in love with them,—they long to say: "Clarence, I know. It's that green-eyed Clara Savage. She'll leave

nothing but your bones, I'm afraid, my dear, and she's as artful as a wagon-load of apes. If you'd trust me as a good comrade, I'd tell you how to come out on top, and keep my respect into the bargain!"

But no good wife had better say this, because it's the last thing that any ruffling husband would want to hear. No, our advice to any lady in Mrs. Clarence's predicament is to affect an outward dreaminess, but immediately to dress better, paint better, and, above all, listen better than the lovely rival. Everything, and more, is in the hands of the wife who knows how to listen.

C. D.

How to Spend Your Vacation

JULY . . . Mix two quarts of water with half-pint of yeast. Add more water and a little more yeast. Stir well, then add the juice of twenty pounds of grapes. Let set two weeks; bottle, and serve with cracked ice.

August . . .

Get hops, malt syrup, yeast, etc., mix well. Let stand three days and bottle. Put on ice and serve cold.

September . . .

Go to Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Europe or any place outside the three-mile limit. In case of emergency, consult a bootlegger.

The Very Vicious Circle

"MARRIED people should have a vacation from each other every so often," Moina asserted, seriously. "It is needed to restore their sense of values and to give them a chance to enjoy some of the freedom they had before."

Jack agreed.

"I believe you're right, dear," he assented. "Most marital difficulties arise because man and wife are too closely bound."

So Moina went to her sister's in the mountains, while Jack stayed with his mother at the shore.

"I'm perfectly miserable without Jack," Moina confessed to herself a week later, adding, speculatively, "I wonder if that awful Gertie Mayham is staying at the seaside."

"This is a rotten idea," Jack muttered, as he tramped forlornly along the beach. "I miss Moina every minute."

"Can it be," he puzzled, "that she is being entertained by that silly bounder, Hart Woodruff? He is in the mountains."

They rejoined at the end of a month.

"We must make this an annual event," Moina declared that evening. "Don't you think so, Jack?"

"Yes, of course. Good idea!" he assented, unenthusiastically.

"I knew it. I knew it. The brute!" Moina sobbed an hour later, when she was alone.

"What under the sun makes Moina so darn eager to get away?" Jack wondered at approximately the same moment.

And by the time they became fully reconciled, the date for their annual vacation had rolled around again.

J. K. M.

The Cave Man

MRS. WETHERBEE decided where they should live, what kind of furniture they should buy, what plays they should see and where the seats were to be, chose names and schools for the children and the friends of the family, planned their recreations, selected Mr. Wetherbee's suits and neckties, and spent all the money.

Once the cave-man spirit flared up in Mr. Wetherbee, and only once.

"But listen, dear—" he said.

Then the flame of the cave-man spirit burned out.



Drawn for Life by F. Fabiano

High and Dry

He: You're not our regular waiter.

Waiter: No, sir, but I can get it for you just the same.

The Ideal

I THOUGHT that at last I had found the ideal woman in Cynthia.

She was not curious about my former romantic experiences, and she could imbibe a few cocktails without increasing her conversational output.

She paid her bridge debts cheerfully and did not think that every man who looked at her was in love with her.

She never telephoned me during business hours, and her fingernails were neither long nor pointed.

If she had any convictions, she refrained from mentioning them.

She never asked if I had change for a dollar, and my spiritual welfare apparently gave her no concern.

She never bid a minor suit on the left of a no-trump, and had no

penchant for discovering foreign table d'hôte restaurants in the Forties.

She had perfect feet and ankles, and did not own an unbecoming hat.

When we motored, she did not call my attention to things along the road.

She knew when and when not to laugh, and she always carried matches in her bag.

She did not lift her hands in mock horror when anybody made a pun, and she had more than one bootlegger to her bow.

Her stories were always new ones, and she did not dull their points.

She could stay up until two o'clock without wanting to be taken to a supper club, and her nose automatically retained a dull finish.

She started for a train just in time to catch it, and she never counted calories aloud.

One evening when Cynthia greeted me, she had a small volume in her hand.

"I've discovered the most wonderful new poet," she began. "Do sit down where you'll be comfortable. I want to read some of his things to you."

I might have known it was too good to be true. B. L.

A Natural Question

"Children get queer ideas in their heads, sometimes."

"What now?"

"My boy Tommy asked me to-day if the Statue of Liberty was beyond the three-mile limit."



"It's all nonsense to come to the country to escape the heat. It's just as hot here as it is in the city."

"I know it, but there aren't so many people to talk to you about it."



"How does she go?"
 "Hm . . . At least we're not blind yet."
 "Well, here's looking at you!"

Little Russian Radio Night-Night Stories

With a Snicker at Chekhov, Andreyev, Dostoyevsky & Co.

Barbarovna Frietjisk

THROUGH the little town of Feodorograd marched the General Stonewladek Jacksnovitch at the head of a thousand men. From an upper window old Barbarovna Frietjisk, last of the Frietjisks, waved a hated flag. "Shoot if you must this old gray head," she cried.

Stonewladek Jacksnovitch halted and gave a command . . .

The gun of one man, Nikolai Mikailovitch by name, missed fire. He was thrown to the wolves.

Alexis Alexovitch and Vladimir Dijinski

Alexis Alexovitch, Emperor of the World, hearing of the fame of Vladimir Dijinski, the philosopher, paid him a visit. He stood outside the mean tub in which the philosopher lived and extolled and praised his wisdom. As a final tribute to

Dijinski, Alexis said: "I am Alexis Alexovitch, Emperor of the World. What can I do for Vladimir Dijinski?"

"Go swallow a large mouthful of poison ivy," replied Dijinski.

The admiring mob, seeing that, after all, Alexis Alexovitch was not universally feared and respected, fell upon him and tore him to pieces.

Sonya Ivanovna in Kovno

Sonya Ivanovna was getting horribly weary of sitting in the dead brown grass while her sister read to herself out of an ugly black book. Once or twice, Sonya had peeked over her sister's shoulder to see what it was all about, only to receive a resounding slap that sent her rolling over and over. Now, whimpering slightly and rubbing her skinned elbows, she shivered in the increasing cold of the declining afternoon.

As Sonya's sister read—to herself—her lower lip trembled and she plucked absently at a tuft of rank black hair that grew on her greenish chin. Sonya was getting horribly weary . . .

By her side lay half of a rusty crowbar, left there by the hired man, Stephan Stephanovitch. Her fingers closed idly over it. How long—?

Blam! Sonya Ivanovna's sister suddenly stopped reading . . .

H. W. H.

Obligation

I MUST believe your words are true;
 I must have faith in all you do;
 I must seek only in your eyes
 The bit of truth; forget the lies,
 And leave all doubts and fears behind.

For love's not love—unless it's blind.
 H. P.



Kindly Motorist (who has given old lady a lift, after five miles): And where did you say you wanted to go, Ma'am?

Old Lady: Well, to tell you the real truth, Mister, I wuz goin' in th' opposite direction from what you wuz, only I didden' like t' hurt your feelin's when you wuz so kind es to offer me a ride.

Achievement

"WHAT do you think, dear?" Fred Booth shouted to his wife, after he had led the pack by a good seven and two-fifths seconds in the sprint that began with the arrival of the five-forty-two.

"About that sedan we're going to have sometime," Betsy answered, waiting until her husband should have lost his agonized sprinter's expression before she bestowed the usual welcome.

"We're going to have it soon, dear; very soon," he gasped.

Followed a little dance, supposedly expressive of great joy, and then Fred went on.

"Old Bruin"—which was the Crochet Manufacturing Company's way of alluding to their president—"he's coming down to stay with us over the week-end, and I'm going to play golf with him.

"Johnson told me that the chief was considering only Joe Grace and me for the sales managership, and Joe doesn't play golf. That makes it look pretty good for us."

"But suppose you win the game," objected Betsy.

"Don't be sarcastic at a time like this," Fred responded. "If I could, of course I wouldn't. The old boy is keen as can be about coming out on top in a match, but I couldn't spoil his pleasure if I wanted to."

"That's a nice, sensible boy," she commented and immediately went into executive session with herself to consider whether she wanted taupe upholstery, or whether the sedan would not look better with a sand-colored interior.

She was still undecided that Saturday when Old Bruin arrived.

"Glad to know you, Mrs. Booth,"

he said. "Nice place you have here. How far is it to the links, Fred?"

Half an hour later they were waiting at the first tee.

"What sort of game do you play?" Old Bruin inquired.

"I'm pretty much of a dub," the prospective sales manager confessed. "Once I went around in 112, but most of the time I can't break 120."

"Not stringing me, are you?" the older man asked, suspiciously, and added, "You're in my class, then. Let's make it a dollar a hole."

Fred agreed, naturally, and consoled himself with the knowledge that he could not lose much more than ten dollars.

Old Bruin drove first, a sickly effort that cleared the ladies' tee, but did little else. The ball hit the ground, rolled over twice and then gave up the hopeless struggle.

Fred's drive, on the other hand, went swishing through the air with the swift flight of an arrow and achieved considerably more distance than might have been expected from any but an expert archer.

Cards at the end of the first hole:

Fred—4.

Old Bruin—11.

"The deuce," said Fred to himself, seeing his chief's glum look as they advanced to the second. "This will never do. I shall have to slice this one and let the old boy win."

But slicing is either a calamity or an achievement. For Fred it could be only the former. He was too poor a golfer to be poor intentionally. So he got off the second tee in even better form than he did from the first.

Cards at the end of the second hole:

Fred—4—3.

Old Bruin—11—16.

Still Fred kept trying. An attempted pull sailed gladly down the fairway. A proposed slice followed the same direct course. A sickly putt somehow managed to trickle into the cup. It was maddening, but it was golf.

At the eleventh Old Bruin remarked something about "Wolves in sport clothing."

At the fourteenth he commented bitterly on the amazing number of highwaymen who played golf.

At the seventeenth:

"Bah!" cried Old Bruin, and his driver plunked into the pond.

"Bah!" shrieked Old Bruin, and his putter nestled in the quivering branches of an otherwise impassive oak.

"Bah!" snarled Old Bruin, and \$86.61 worth of golf implements, net, spread themselves over the landscape.

"Ba-ba," shrilled the caddies when he had stalked out of hearing.

"I did not mind the old fool making an ass of himself and forgetting to pay me the seventeen dollars he owed for losing every hole," Fred Booth complained to his wife at breakfast the next morning. "I did not even care much about his leaving after dinner last night with that silly excuse about having business to attend to. I can even forget his old sales managership, but I never, never will forgive him for not finishing the round and for spoiling my card when I would have broken ninety-five easily."

J. K. M.



"Oh, look, Dad!"

Futility

I'D like, when all my friends begin
To lie about their cars like sin,
And tell me how they never try
To take the hills except on high;
And how they make the mile posts
play

Like picket fences by the way—
I say I'd like at that same time
To tell them what a car is mine:
But—

Oh, Lord,
Mine's a Ford!

L. A. M.

The Course of Love

MISTRESS: Nora, that wasn't your Paddy I saw you talking to just now.

NORA: No, mum; that's a new one. Paddy's away on his vacation.

"But is that exactly fair, Nora?"

"Ah, mum, 'when the Pat's away, the Mike will play.'"

"Is he boss in his own home?"

"I should say he is. He plays golf on Sunday and makes his wife call up for starting time."



AFTER a while our American literature will be teeming with quaint old bootleggers.

Prayer to the coal miners: Strike while the weather's hot.

England, France and Italy are going to investigate Turkish atrocities. And then they ought to hang everybody found smoking one.

Were Henry Ford to be elected President, historians could hardly be blamed for referring to this as the Tin-Elizabethan Era.

Answer quickly: Who ran for President against Harding?

The world really is progressing. The fact that a boy has been through college is no longer considered a sign that he does not know anything.

Brief digest of the Dry Enforcement Laws: Nobody is fit to be trusted to take a drink except a Prohibition agent.

A vote in time saves wine.

And now Congress is raising the duty on wheat. Doesn't that go against the grain?

London is reported disappointed because Mr. Taft did not turn out to be as large as had been expected. The tonnage question has always annoyed England.

In about six months it will be time for somebody to write an interesting pamphlet entitled, "Who Was Will Hays?"

The police fired one hundred and forty shots on Broadway the other night without hitting an innocent bystander. It is high time that they held some target practice.

New York is enthusiastic about the idea of an art centre for Central Park. This would enable it to have all its art gathered together at one place, so that there'd be no danger of running into it at odd moments.

It might be a good idea to give Lenine and Trotsky the mandate for Ireland.

Judging from the way the Prohibition law is observed, the way to make the country really dry is to pass a law compelling everyone to remain constantly intoxicated.

The latest reliable information is that Suzanne Lenglen will positively play in the big net tilt, but that she positively will not play in the big net tilt, as her health is bad, although she is not worried about her health, which is perfect.

Mr. Busch has made it plain what was meant in a recent dispatch in which it was stated that a vessel staggered into port.

The thief who stole a few cigarettes has gone to jail for fifty years, but the friend who never has any of his own is still at large.

The slogan of the occasional drinker is now, "Nip and duck."



The Combination Against Light Wines and Beer

It's taking the eighteenth and nineteenth amendments pretty long to bring on the millennium.

Doesn't the bonus for the men who fought in the Revolution have to be settled first?

A Utah friend of ours bemoans the fact that he has but one wife to give to his country.

In declaring that he would hold the Canton government in spite of everything, Sun Yat Sen gave evidence that he had been feeding on puffed rice.



A Walking Tour

Twin Bed-Time Stories

Benedict Is Below Par

SCENE: *The Bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Benedict Newleigh. They have retired but thoughts of sleep have as yet not entered Mrs. N.'s head, although Benedict is doing the best he can.*

MRS. NEWLEIGH (after giving Benedict a hard look, as penetrating as it can be in the gloom): You imbecile!

BENEDICT (he is too surprised to feign slumber): What under the sun's the trouble now, Leila?

MRS. NEWLEIGH (indignantly): I was never so humiliated in all my life!

BENEDICT: That ought to be a record. Go on from there.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: And now that horrid Mrs. Coakley will go around saying I'm married to a half-wit.

BENEDICT: Light begins to glimmer through the darkness of our bedroom. Are you talking about those fool intelligence tests she tried on the bunch to-night?

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Of course. But they weren't fool tests. They're modeled on the ones they use in the army.

BENEDICT (losing interest): The army does lots of things that don't impress me.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Oh, you exasperating person! I believe you did poorly out of sheer obstinacy. You certainly have more intelligence than a twelve-year-old child.

BENEDICT: Don't forget I married you!

MRS. NEWLEIGH (her tear ducts preparing for business): Oh—oh—to think my own husband could talk to m-me like that—

BENEDICT (hastily): There, honey,—I just meant that you should remember I'm your husband when you're belittling me like that—

MRS. NEWLEIGH (restraining the fresket): But the intelligence test—Benedict—you didn't do half of the things right or quickly enough—

BENEDICT: What's the use of fretting about that so long as I can sell bonds? What's more important—remembering how many fool things are on a tray or bringing home the bacon every Saturday night?

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Oh dear, you're so material. I don't want people to think I'm married to a money-making moron.

BENEDICT (impatiently): Don't be a chump. Why Coakley himself could only remember four things on that tray when I asked him. You haven't forgotten that?

MRS. NEWLEIGH (emphatically): I should say I haven't. Neither has Mrs. Coakley. I think that was a very ungentlemanly thing of you to do.

BENEDICT: Oh—well—good night!

MRS. NEWLEIGH: And the way you laughed at him!

BENEDICT (suddenly): Say, let's forget that intelligence test. It proves just as much about a person's intellect as what I'm going to say now. I'll bet LIFE wasn't out last week. Will you do what I ask if I'm wrong?

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Certainly I will. I saw it myself.

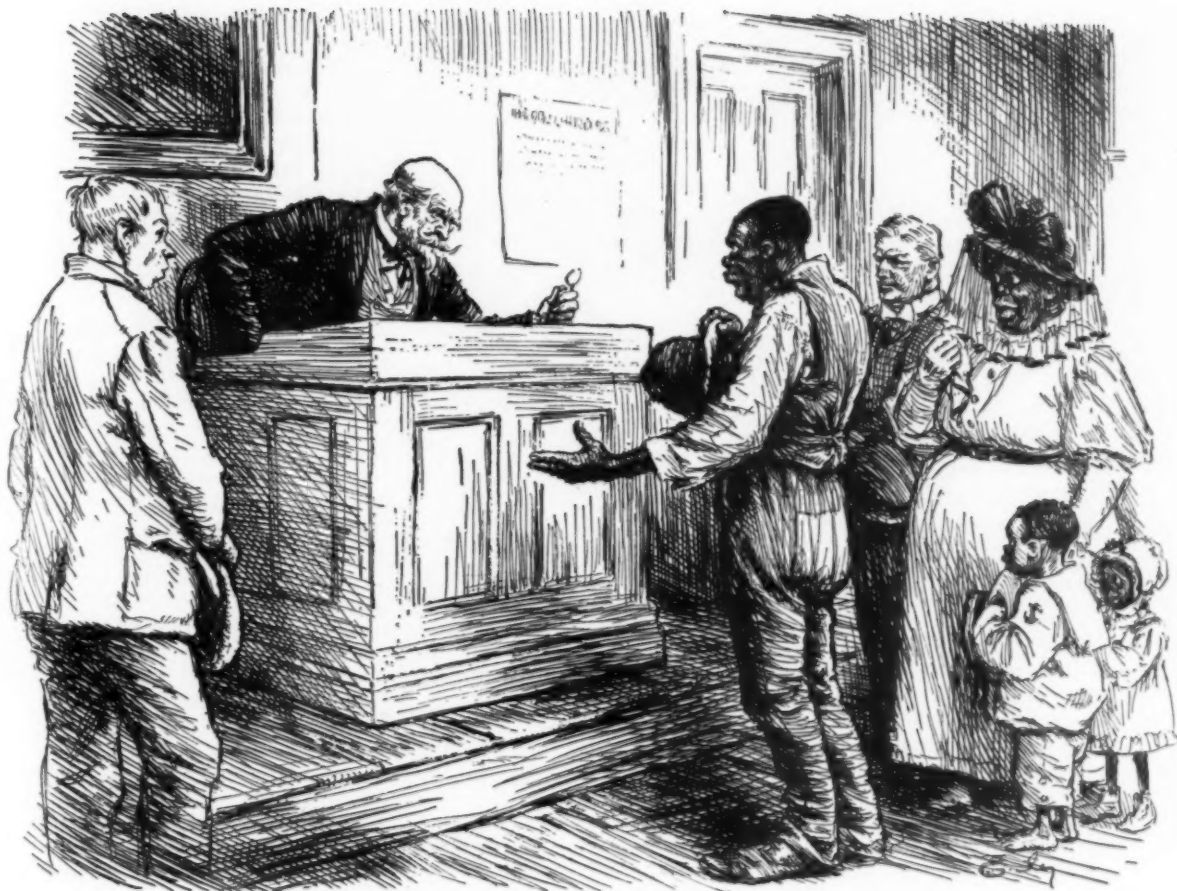
BENEDICT (turning): All right, I'm wrong. I win—so let me go to sleep.

(Curtain)

T. H. L.



"Estelle, why did you bite your sister?"
"I couldn't help it, Auntie; she was holding both my arms."



Judge: But if you weren't going to steal the chickens, why were you in the coop?
Rastus: I was jest testin' mah will power, jedge. Dat's all.

Summer in an Office

THE winds that blow the office shades (so I've been told),
 Are blowing cherry petals down.
 The sun that makes my forehead frown
 Changes the dreary country field to green and gold.

* * *

They say the gray, cold rain that spoils my luncheon hour
 Is pleasant news to country maids.
 Moonlight that here so quickly fades
 Makes silver ghosts of every tremulous tree and flower.

* * *

All day, I wonder why I should at all believe
 One of these lovely country lies,
 And in the night, I clothe in gay disguise
 My dreams, lest they betray these things for which I
 grieve. N. R.

AGATHA: Ibañez says the modern novel has come to stay.

BYRDIE: Not at our house. The neighbors borrow it.

Things I Wonder About

When I Look at a Friend's Baby

DOES that foolish woman think hers is the only baby that ever cut a tooth?

Why is its head such a funny shape?

What can I say that will please the mother and not make her think I am being sarcastic about the infant?

Could I use Mark Twain's remark—"That is a *real* baby!" without her recognizing it? Or is it sufficiently obvious?

Is it half-witted or do all babies except my own look that way?

Do you suppose they really like it?

What's happened to all its hair? However, when you look at the father you don't wonder. Our baby had heaps of hair at that age.

Wonder what she'd say if I told her what I really think about it?

What a thin-looking little thing it is! Its father and mother are certainly putting up a brave front. I do hope it will be all right. I wonder if she knows about diets.

I must run home and have a look at our Billy. It certainly is funny how few youngsters there are in the world that are his equal in intelligence, beauty and size.



Reminiscent

An Airman called out in the night,
 "I've missed North America quite!"
 "You're on the right track,"
 The other yelled back,
 "It's that dry little spot on the right!"

The Tariff Unmasked

LET us get this tariff thing cleared up, once and for all. An explanation is due the American people, and obviously this is the place to make it.

Viewing the whole thing, schedule by schedule, we find it indefensible. In Schedule A alone the list of necessities on which the tax is to be raised includes Persian berries, extract of nutgalls and isinglass.

Take isinglass. With prices shooting up in this market, what is to become of our picture post-cards? Where once for a nickel you could get a picture of the Woolworth Building ablaze with lights with the sun setting and the moon rising in the background, under the proposed tariff it will easily set you back fifteen cents. This is all very well for the rich who can get their picture post-cards at wholesale, but how are the poor to get their art?

The only justifiable increase in this schedule is on "blues, in pulp, dried, etc." If this will serve to reduce the amount of "Those Lonesome-Ownsome-Wonesome Blues" and "I've Got the Left-All-Along-in-

the-Magazine-Reading-Room-of-the-Public-Library Blues" with which our popular song market has been flooded for the past five years, we could almost bring ourself to vote for the entire tariff bill as it stands.

Schedule B

Here we find a tremendous increase in the tax on grindstones. Householders and travelers in general do not appreciate what this means. It means that, next year, when you are returning from Europe, you will have to pay a duty on those Dutch grindstones that you always bring back to the cousins, a duty which will prohibit the importation of more than three. This will lead to an orgy of grindstone smuggling, making it necessary for hitherto respectable people to become law-breakers by concealing grindstones about their clothing and in their trunks. Think this over.

Schedule C

Right at the start of this list we find charcoal bars being boosted. Have our children no rights? What

is a train-ride with children without Hershey's charcoal bars?

Or gypsum. What is more picturesque on a ride through the country-side than a band of gypsum encamped by the road with their bright colors and gay tambourine playing? Are these simple folk to be kept out simply because a Republican tariff insists on raising the tax on gypsum?

Schedule D

A way to evade the injustice of this schedule is in the matter of marble slabs. "Marble slabs, rubbed" are going to cost more to import than "marble slabs, unrubbed." What we are planning to do in this office is to get in a quantity of unrubbed marble slabs and then rub them ourselves. A coarse, dry towel is very good for rubbing, they say.

Any further discussion of the details of this iniquitous tariff would only enrage us to a point of incoherence. Perhaps a short list of some of the things you will have to do without will serve to enrage you also: Senegal gum, buchu leaves, lava tips for burners, magic lantern strips, spiegeleisen, nut washers, butchers' skewers and gun wads.

Now write to your Congressman!
 R. C. B.

Stagnant Water

I STOOD shivery—
 Pleasantly expectant
 Upon the brink of the pool of your
 friendship;
 It looked deep and cool and tempt-
 ing—
 "Come and dive in!" you cried.
 "Float happily upon the bosom of it.
 Seek its depths,
 You will be sure to find exactly what
 you want,
 For it is filled with all the mysteries
 of the deep!"

I looked down into the depths
 And saw little gold and silver fishes
 of your thoughts
 Darting here and there . . .
 Oh, I wanted to play with them so
 badly!
 So I dived . . .

Now I cannot blame you,
 As I nurse my bruises;
 For you did not know yourself
 That the pool of friendship you of-
 fered me
 Was only three feet deep!

M. C. L.



"Say, Buddy—what's the French for stony broke?"



JULY 20, 1922

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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DR. BIGGS, Chief Health Officer of the State of New York, would have every inhabitant of the State examined as to health once a year. Probably he would like to have us all form in line in our respective school districts without our clothes some day in the late summer when we would not suffer too much from exposure, and be looked over by competent medical advisers. The chances are that it would do some of us some good and that ailments would be discovered in us and brought to the attention of the authorities in time for treatment, but it will not be done, partly because it is contrary to our habits, and partly because there is so much evidence that life in immediate prospect is going to be rather a dubious blessing. Why all this zeal of Dr. Biggs and folks like him to extend it by compulsory practices while it continues to be so difficult a speculation? If the industrial machine that has made it possible for this earth to support its present population is going to pot, then there are a great many more people alive on the earth than there ought to be, and Dr. Biggs, instead of practicing to keep present residents alive and inducing more to be born, should be thinking how populations could be diminished with the least pain and scandal.

Now you may think that is a joke, but is it not all rather painfully true? Washington reports a prospect of nine thousand carloads of early watermelons more than we had last year. Dr. Biggs should be quietly

inviting people to eat those carloads of watermelons and end it all.

Consider the weather prospects. It seems that the years 53 and 54 B. C. were famine years because of bad weather. It is understood they were very bad years in Paris, and in France generally. The records of them have come down. Life was difficult in those years. Also the years 686 and 1315 have come down as extra bad years. The newspapers report that there are more such years coming now and give us such authorities as Sir William Beveridge in England, approved by *Nature*, the scientific weekly. Then there are M. Roulleaux Dugage in France and the Koenigstuhl Observatory in Heidelberg. They both figure out difficult weather ahead—excessive heat and then excessive wet, due to such facts as that the North Pole does not point directly to the north and the earth wobbles in its revolutions and once in about 2000 years seems to slip a cog, and that, besides, we are passing through a vast nebulous dust cloud that affects the weather. One should not bet very much on the calculation of these scientific gentlemen because their figures are difficult and liable at any time to be a century or so out of the way, but it is true that the weather may get on the loose like everything else, and has done it before, and it is true that if we are concerned with keeping the present population of the earth alive and with maintaining its numbers, we should give more thought to that problem than we have been giving.

THE most encouraging symptom one finds to record is the disposition of American voters to leave at home Republican legislators who favor the Tariff bill and the Bonus bill. The Bonus bill is objectionable

because it threatens to put an immense new load on our finances at a time when our capacity for governmental action should not suffer any further impairment. There is enough to do with money without paying huge sums for bonuses, and the possibility is excellent that there will be more to do with it next year than there is this year. We are not going to escape the responsibility that naturally attaches to the most powerful and the most prosperous country in the world, and we ought to safeguard our capacity for financial and economic action.

Then about the Fordney Tariff. It is a perfectly crazy measure, planned without any regard to the general interest of the population of the United States or to the condition of the world, and the only supporters of it are private interests that hope to profit by it. It increases the difficulties, already amply sufficient, of Europe's getting what it needs from us. It would increase the cost of living here in the face of progressive reduction in wages. That Tariff bill is as bad as it can be, and it is encouraging to read Mr. Fordney's admission that he does not expect to stand for re-election at Congress. If he thought he was doing any good, he would want to come back.

OUT of all countries comes evidence of the feeling that the present managers of the earth are not equal to their job. Read Mr. Tomlinson's article about England in *Harper's Magazine* for July. More, much more, has happened to England, he says, than is ever admitted; more than the British newspapers are willing to publish, more than New York could guess from what its correspondents cable from London. "The England," he says,

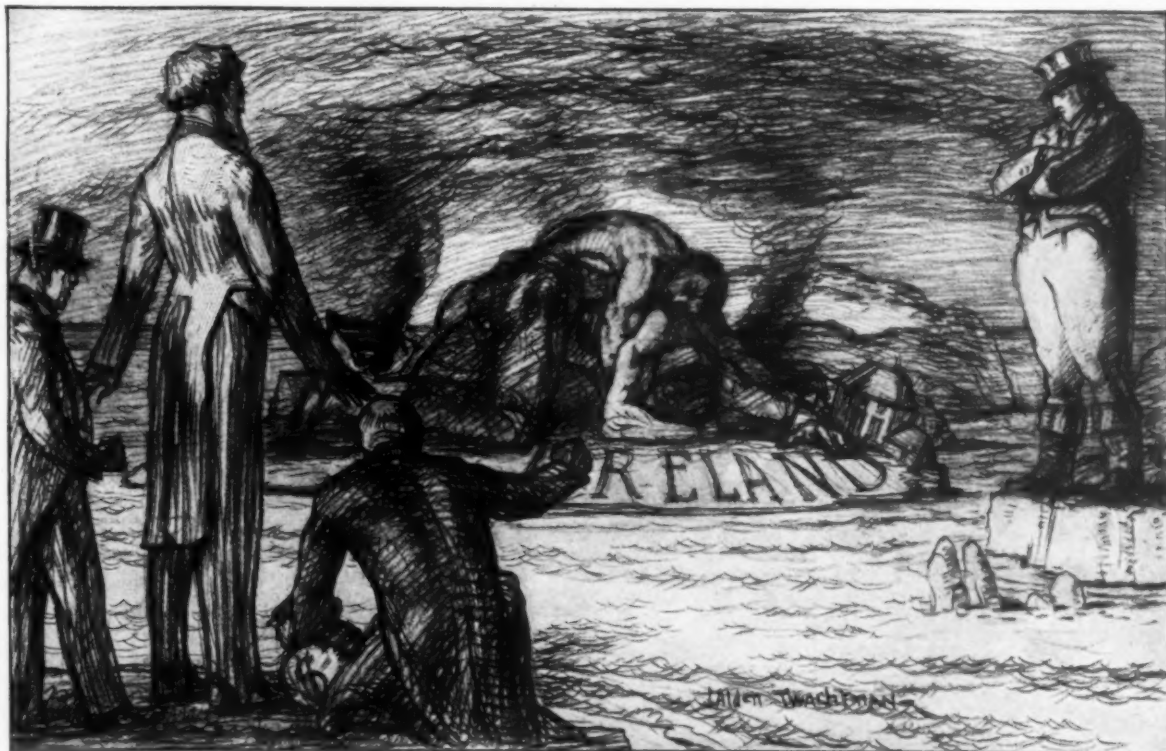
"which is still freely reported to the world is a land that no more indicates what is here than does Ptolemy's Chart the ocean to modern navigators. The England which American visitors knew in 1914 has ceased to exist, and when to-day American diplomatists and statesmen talk to the official representatives of England, they are not talking to us, but to the dead."

Very much the same story is to be found in "Disenchantment," an English book by S. E. Montague. A new world is in the making here, in England, in France, everywhere. Governments keep order and discharge their duties the best they can, but they cannot control events nor, more than imperfectly, the people whom they govern. The members of existing governments in most countries are tired out. Their job is too heavy for them. Individual people in all countries are doing what they can, and so is organization doing what it can. It did something at Washington, but not much at Genoa and not much, as yet, at The Hague. The nations are not in agreement and their organized power cannot be used for the general benefit.

CONSIDER the debt that Europe owes to us. It hangs over the whole problem of the reconstruction of European finances. Possibly it ought to be wiped out. Possibly it is not time for that yet. Practically nothing can be done about it. Thousands, yes, millions of Americans would gladly wipe it out if it would help the world. They do not want it to rest heavy on the back of struggling Europe. The idea of the repayment of that money is abhorrent to them, but there is no organized political sentiment in this country about that debt. It cannot be wiped out without the consent of Congress. The consent of Congress cannot be had until there is a public sentiment for cancelling it. There cannot be such a sentiment until it is possible to make it clearer that Europe would be benefited and the conditions of human life would be improved by wiping that account off the slate. That is not yet clear. If the debts due to the United States from Europe were cancelled and the same was done to the debts of the continent of Europe to England, and the obligation of Germany to France were reduced by the sum of the

cancelled obligations of France to England and the United States, it would seem that a great weight would be lifted and that Europe's reconstruction would be helped. But that is not certainly true. What France would do next after having the pressure of her financial difficulties relieved is not easy to forecast, and some of her present exploits, as in Syria, are very troublesome.

So we look at the world and wonder what it is like below the surface of things, and wonder what the weather is going to be and whether its current peculiarities are significant of anything except common fluctuations, and wonder what the crops will be this year and how large a proportion of our fellow creatures of two or three different continents will be dependent on us next year for their maintenance. We do not know what is going to happen. We go along from day to day the best we can, trying each morning to see what is right for that day and to do it. Current life is an extraordinary experience. After a while it is going to be better than it ever was, but meanwhile it is a great conundrum. E. S. M.



Uncle Sam: Let them set their own house in order!



Bacchus Is Forced Outside the Y





Berlin Letter

Berlin, July 10th.

IN order to write a really scholarly review of the Berlin dramatic season, one ought to be able to catch more than one German word out of a hundred and fifty as they fly past. The last card I turned in gave my average as one in every hundred and ninety-three.

Following is about all that I got out of a charming performance of "*Der Kinder-Mörder*" ("The Child-Killer") at the A. H. Woods Schauspielhaus.

The rising of the curtain discloses a room in what seems to be the Rugs, Draperies and Linoleum Department of John Wanamaker's. To make things harder for you, there is a pump in the center.

Friedel, the boy, is sitting by the pump talking with Minna, the girl. They talk a great deal about one thing and another. During the course of the conversation, Friedel says "*zimmer*," so the inference is that they are planning to take a room somewhere.

About five minutes after Friedel has said "*zimmer*," a man comes in who wants Friedel either to join the army or come down-stairs and try on a new suit. Whatever it is he wants, Friedel says "*Nein*." This means that he won't do it. Good for Friedel!

But just at this moment an old woman comes in and dies. Several other people come in and kid back and forth, and after this has been going on for some time, one of them lets fall the word "*löffel*." It would seem, therefore, that the conversation has been brought around to the subject of spoons. This is considered a dramatic enough situation to bring the curtain down on.



THE second act is laid in a charcoal burner's hut in the Black Forest. The charcoal burner comes in and says to his wife that it is cold outside. You can tell that he is saying this because he rubs his hands together before hitting her. She dies in the fireplace just as Friedel rushes in saying something about "*winter*," doubtless that the nights are longer in winter than they are in summer. He is followed by Minna, and they lie down on the floor together and talk in German for twenty minutes or half an hour, occasionally striking each other.

All of a sudden, however, several men friends who were in the first act come in and strangle both Friedel and Minna with gunny-sacks. Then one of the men, in the course of a long speech, says the word "*schluck*" and they all go out to get a sip of something.

The third and last act seems to be laid in an attic, except that there is no roof and the walls slant outwards. On the left-hand side there is no wall at all.

This gives the whole place a queer look. In come a group of men and women who apparently have just won the boat-race. They murmur a great deal in their native tongue and occasionally one of them cries out something like "*bleistiff*." This can't be right.

Then suddenly Friedel and Minna wander in and ask the president "*wie geht es?*" This so upsets the president that it begins to thunder and lighten and the walls fall in, killing everybody.



When the lights go on again, Friedel is back in the Rugs, Draperies and Linoleum Department, talking to customers. After they have been talking half an hour one of them gives a clue to what it is all about by saying, "*zusammen arbeiten*." This gives the whole thing away. The man with the red hair is undoubtedly remarking that there is only one thing that will win the day and that is "team work."

This gives the orchestra an idea and they burst into a cadenza, at which the entire cast step up to the front of the stage and raise their arms, singing "*Du bist wie eine Blume*" as the curtain falls.



FOR the theatre-goer who has only a few days at his disposal in Berlin we would recommend something like "*Gott Sei Dank, Der Onkel Ist Noch Nicht Wieder Zu Hause Gekommen*" ("My Wife's Uncle"). This is a comedy of the lightest sort.

The plot of "My Wife's Uncle" seems to run something like this: Breakfast is being served in the home of Karl Geigich and his wife Betsy. They argue from eight-thirty until nine-fifteen, when the first act ends.

The curtain goes up on the same scene, with Karl and his wife still arguing. Karl's face is working hard to express impatience, while Betsy seems to be trying to get across the idea that her old throat trouble is coming on again.

The last act shows the triumphant entry of the Emperor Diocletian into Riga. There is a great trumpeting and a man cries "*kirche!*" which, as I remember it, means either "church" or "cherry." Probably "cherry."

The Berlin season is all like that, so far as this department is concerned.

Robert C. Benchley.

A Plea for Literary Disarmament

For Everyone's Sake, Why Not an Authors' Holiday?

THE time has come to call a halt: if not a halt, then at least a diminution of pace, a partial scrapping of typewriters, and all that sort of thing. It simply cannot go on.

What do I mean? Just this: Authors are fagged out and the public is exhausted. And something must be done about it.

First, consider the writing body. Even they must be considered before the public. Can you name one author who is not a wreck physically? Can you name one who is not overworked? And why? I'll tell you. It's competition. It's competition that is killing them. If Wells writes one novel this year, then Arnold Bennett is certain that he must write two. Immediately, Ibañez, feeling that he is being left behind, starts work in earnest. He writes in a state of swift frenzy. And then, almost before his press agent knows it, he has finished three novels. I need hardly say that Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton Porter have their own personal book-fight. Thus the mad race goes on, each one struggling desperately to beat the other.

The poets fare no better. If Jean Starr Untermeyer produces one volume of verse, then Louis Untermeyer dashes off just twice that number. Not to be outdone, Vachel Lindsay enters the fight, closely followed by Amy Lowell and Alfred Noyes. It simply rains quatrains, sonnets and free verse. On the assumption that there are no rhymes left, these poets are entitled to a vacation.

As for playwrights, these poor wretches seem to be in a more difficult fix than any of the others. Avery Hopwood apparently has used up every shape of door and closet conceivable. And Winchell Smith is tired writing the same play over and over again. Take Owen Davis. Competition forced him to write so many melodramas that he simply ran out of plots and at last was forced to write a good play. I refer, of course, to "The Detour." And now even Eugene O'Neill has joined the procession. Nothing less than two plays in New York at one time will satisfy his appetite.

It cannot be said that the essayists and critics are backward. J. C.

Squire, Katharine Fullerton Gerould, Christopher Morley and George Jean Nathan seem to be running a kind of informal relay race, and A. A. Milne, according to reports, is trying to exceed the output of them all combined.

I know one man who goes without luncheon just so that he can keep up with Mr. Milne's essays. He says they come out so often that this is the only way he can read them all. But he is on a light diet, anyway.

The only solution is my original suggestion that we call a literary holiday.

I have talked this over with a

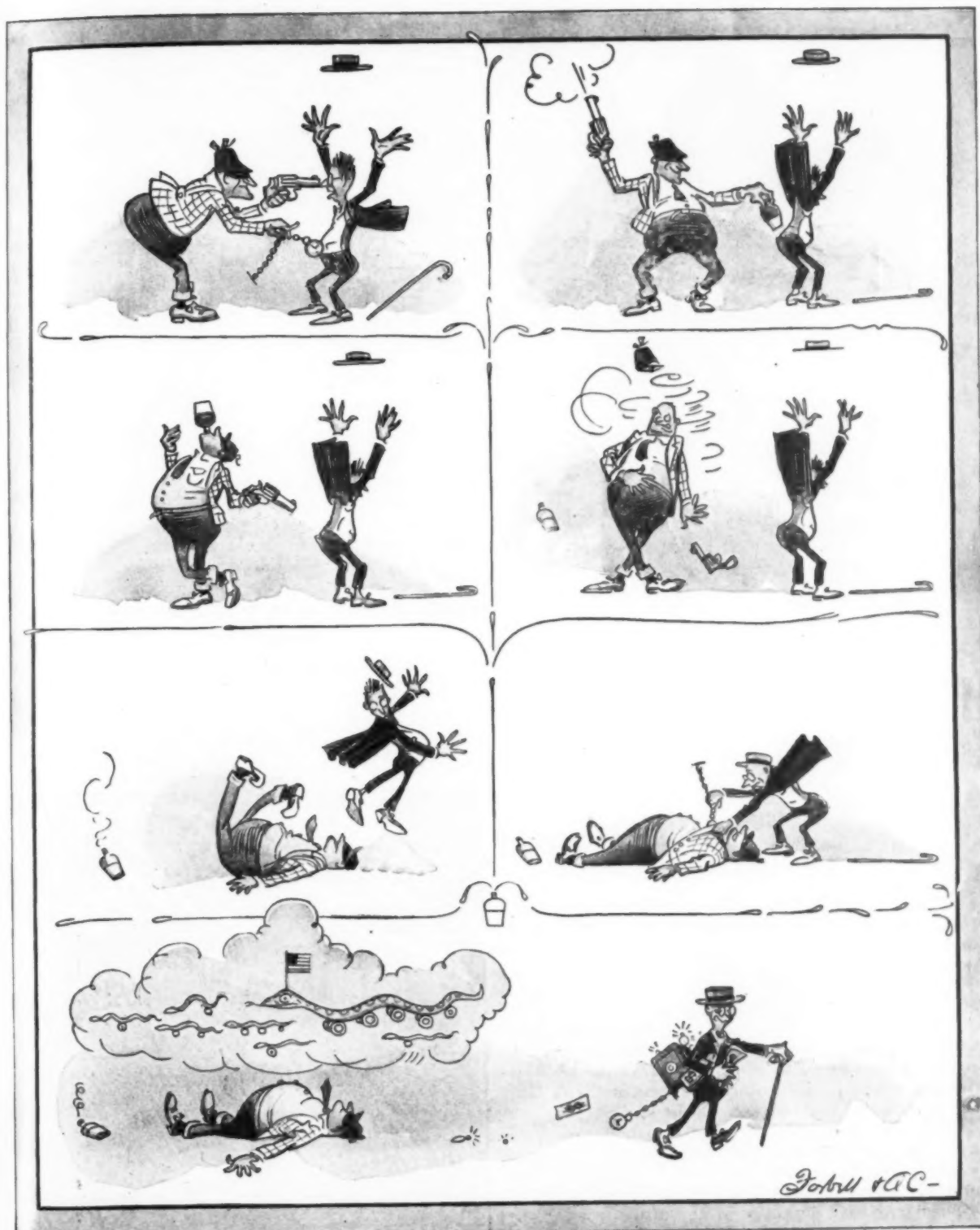
number of people and already there is considerable opposition to the idea. This is coming largely from paper manufacturers, bedroom furniture makers, and others whose commercial interests will suffer as a result of such a plan. I understand a lobby is working now with the dramatic critics. Mr. Benchley assures me that he will not be influenced by anything of this nature. He says, in fact, that he is never influenced by anything. If his attitude is typical, the lobby must fail.

At any rate, I give the idea to the world for what it is worth.

A. W. R.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY
No. 38. Mr. Schlitz's guests visit his museum of antiquities.



Hooch!



LIFE'S Title Contest

FOR the best title to the Maxfield Parrish picture above, LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize\$500.00
 Second Prize\$200.00
 Third Prize\$100.00

The Contest will be governed by the following

CONDITIONS:

(Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.)

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the picture above.

The contest is now open and open to everybody, and will close at this office at noon on Tuesday, August 1st, 1922.

Titles will be judged by three members of LIFE's Editorial Staff, and their decision will be final.

Titles may be original, or may be a quotation from some well-known author, and should not exceed twenty words each. Contestants may send in more than one title, but not more than ten to a sheet.

Should we have duplicates of any of the winning answers, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest (allowing for completion of the final reading). Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

All titles should be addressed to LIFE's Picture Title Contest, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Envelopes should contain nothing but the competing titles, typewritten or very plainly written, using one side of paper only, with the name and address of the sender on each sheet.

The members of LIFE's staff will not compete.

It Can't Be Done

THE man with the weary look sat at his desk sorting the morning mail. One envelope marked "Important" bore the imprint of a publishing house. He hesitated between opening it and dropping it in the wastebasket. Curiosity won.

The publishers wanted to know if there were any children in his family; if so, would he not please return them the enclosed postcard, and receive a booklet containing sample pages from sixty-four volumes, which would help him educate his children and answer all their questions in a clear and concise manner?

Down the margin of the letter ran many questions:

Why does the worm turn?

What makes the moon beam?

Does a bee's sting hurt it?

and so on to the number of a score or more.

Harsh laughter broke from the man with the weary look. He had a five-year-old youngster.

They advertised to answer all a child's questions clearly and concisely in sixty-four volumes.

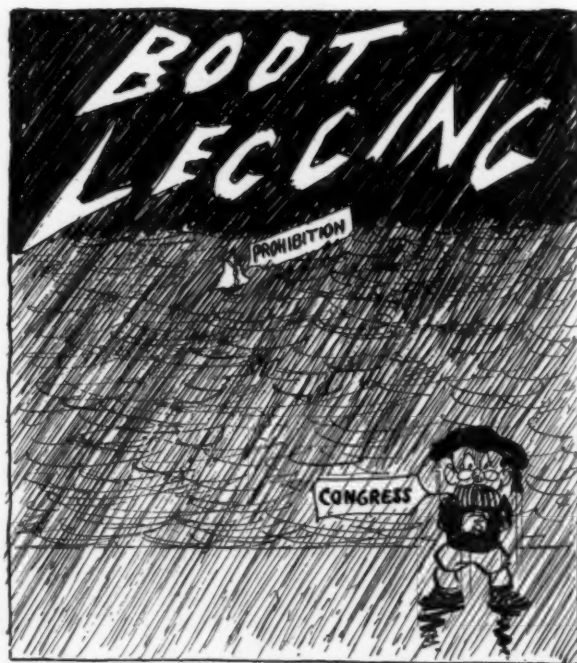
"It can't be done," he murmured wearily.

W. P.

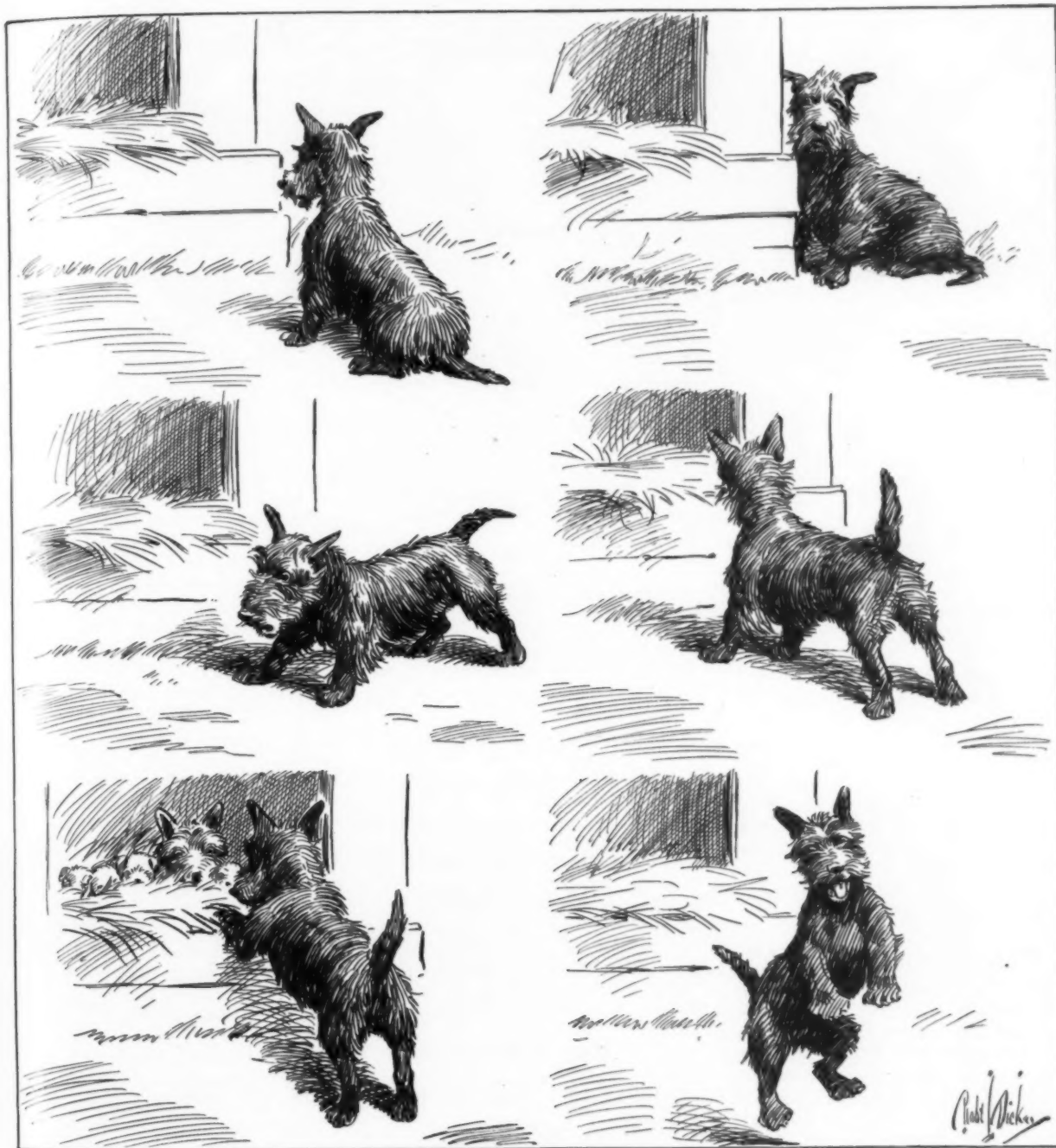
No Blue Laws Nor Blue Blood

If all the people that came over in the Mayflower had come over in the Mayflower, the Mayflower would have sunk.

I wish she had



What shall the owner do to redeem it?



Thrills

Mither an' bairnies a' doin' weel

Folk Song

OTHER lads, their ways are daring:
 Other lads, they're not afraid;
 Other lads, they show they're caring;
 Other lads—they know a maid.
 Wiser Jock than ever you were,
 Will's with gayer spirit blest,
 Robin's kindlier and truer,—
 Why should I love you the best?

Other lads, their eyes are bolder.
 Young they are, and strong and slim,
 Ned is straight and broad of shoulder,
 Donald has a way with him.
 David stands a head above you,
 Dick's as brave as Lancelot,—
 Why, ah why, then, should I love you?
 Naturally, I do not.

D. P.



"Cops"

A GREAT many kindly people express sincere sympathy for the editor of this department because he is called upon, in the course of his daily duties, to see so many movies.

"Don't you get tired of them?"

"Can't you write your reviews without actually seeing the films themselves?"

"How do your eyes stand the strain?"

These are samples of the well-intentioned queries that pour in.

As a matter of fact, the sympathy is wasted. I am perfectly willing to sit through fifty dull feature films if I know that, at the end of that session, I shall be allowed to see a Harold Lloyd or Buster Keaton comedy.

In "Cops," Keaton develops the old police-chase idea to the nth power by staging his antics in the midst of a police parade, and the resultant mob effect is as stupendous as anything in Mr. Fox's spectacles. What is more, it is actually funnier—and that is no faint praise.

"The Top of New York"

IN "Sentimental Tommy," May McAvoy established herself as an actress of undoubted charm and tremendous emotional power. A series of weak pictures in which she has appeared since then have tended to dim the glory of that first triumph; but she comes back into her own in "The Top of New York."

Although she is compelled to wear a flagrantly artificial blond wig, she manages to overcome that handicap, and creates a rôle that is genuinely appealing. It is the story of a little shop girl who, though oppressed by an ugly aunt and an unprincipled boss, succeeds in surmounting the obstacles placed in her path by malignant fate, and marries the rich artist who lives on the adjoining roof. Walter McGrail is excellent

as the artist, and two children, Pat Moore and Mary Jane Irving, help out considerably.

The fact that "The Top of New York" is sympathetic without being offensively sentimental is largely due to the intelligence and good taste of its director, William D. Taylor. But Taylor is dead, and there aren't many others in the movie business who possess the qualities that he brought to the screen.

"The Five-Dollar Baby"

THERE is nothing whatever to recommend in "The Five-Dollar Baby," with the possible exception of one pleasant performance by Otto Hoffman.

Viola Dana, the star, is excessively uninteresting, and the story, by Irvin Cobb, could be considerably more amusing and still rate below the average. The scene is supposed to be in the Ghetto, but most of the Hebraic atmosphere is supplied by trick beards, skull caps and nose putty. So that the production resembles a performance of "Potash and Perlmutter," given by the members of the Thursday Evening Fun Guild at St. Michael's parish house.

School Days

THE Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has started the Paramount Stock Company and School for the purpose of raising the intellectual tone of its employees. Regular courses are given in the various branches of Philology, including "Photodrama Theory," "Cinematography and Lighting," "Motion Picture History," etc.; and all members of the organization are required to take a certain number of these studies.

There are regular report cards, on which are recorded the student's rating in the various courses, together with remarks on his or her

General Deportment, Health, Times Absent and Times Tardy at Classes.

IT is a worthy idea and, if carried out, should do a vast amount of good. But one can be pardoned for sensations of skepticism concerning the spirit with which the film stars will accept this innovation. I can not refrain from picturing the situation which would arise if Wallace Reid arrived late at the studio some morning with a note from his mother, informing teacher De Mille that he had been kept home on account of the measles epidemic scare.

HOWEVER, I shall be the last one to ridicule any attempt to inject a little gray matter into the silent drama; and if hearty co-operation is what the Paramount School desires, here is a suggested examination paper which might well be administered to the students when Commencement rolls around:

What foreign authors suggested the stories of "Male and Female" and "The Affairs of Anatole" to Jeannie Macpherson? What did she do with these stories?

Define the following words: "Taste," "Repression," "Intelligence," "Simplicity."

Account for the financial failure of these pictures: "Sentimental Tommy," "The Golem," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Broken Blossoms."

Account for the success of these: "Fool's Paradise," "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" "Dream Street," "Over the Hill."

What is a moron? Name eleven examples from your intimate acquaintance.

Who invented "Hokum"? How much money would he have made from the film producers if he had sold his invention on a royalty basis?

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 32)



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Pity the Poor Plutocrat

The two women were discussing the spectacular existence of a very wealthy man.

"Where is his home?" asked Mrs. Moreler.

"Home? He hasn't any. When they get as rich as that they've no more home instinct than milk cans."

—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

His Glamour Gone

The day of romance is over, and the traveling man who registers from New York no longer inspires awe even in the remote villages.

—Detroit Free Press.

'Old Grads

'18 (at class-day reunion): Hello, Jim, how's the boy?

'19: Why—er—it's a girl, you know!

—Princeton Tiger.

"How many members has Congress now?"

"Too."—New York Sun.



THE MAN OF IT

Mother (to Bobby, whose sister is going away): Why are you crying, dear? You're always fighting with Delia and don't seem to love her.

Bobby: I don't love her, but I need her.

—Reproduced from Punch (London) by arrangement with the proprietors.

The Conqueror

Man has conquered the air.
"His plane crashed in a cypress swamp;
The teeth of the giant sawgrass tore
off his clothes,
Clouds of mosquitoes assailed him,
A panther chased him into a treetop;
Naked, wild and hungry,
The rescuers found him."
Man has conquered the air.

—C. L. Edson, in Charleston News and Courier.

Quick Repairs

Siam has electricity now and the thoughtful electric light people are doing their best. In every room in a Bangkok hotel is posted a notice in various languages. Its English version reads:

"Sir: For the case that your electric light should fail, we beg to send you enclosed a postcard, which please send us at once when you find your light out. The company will then send you another postcard."

—American Legion Weekly.

Chop Stroke Came Natural

GOLF INSTRUCTOR: Oh, swing the club, man! Swing it! Don't chop at the ball as if you were a butcher.

BEGINNER: Confound it, that's just what I am.—Boston Transcript.

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MAN WAS
SUPPOSED
TO HAVE A
DESK
LIKE THIS

AT PRESENT
THE
CLEAN-TOP DESK
IS QUITE
THE VOGUE

UNDOUBTEDLY
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STEP
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NO DESK
AT ALL

AND
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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Alarming

A certain actor who has been known for his matrimonial adventures, one day approached a physician and asked for a thorough physical examination.

"I want to see that I'm fit for a good many years yet, doc," he said. "You know I'm to be married again soon, for the fifth time."

"H-m-m," muttered the examiner as he put the stethoscope to the actor's heart. "Of course this fifth lady is the only girl in the world for you, and this is positively your last matrimonial venture?"

"Oh, come, doctor," cried the thespian, much alarmed. "I'm not as bad off as that, am I?"

—American Legion Weekly.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Almost Certain

THE CRYSTAL GAZER: I'm sorry to tell you, madam, that your husband will meet his end by being run over by an automobile.

MRS. CREDULOUS: Oh, are you sure?

THE CRYSTAL GAZER: It will happen without doubt. That is, barring accidents.—New York Sun.

PROSPECTIVE TENANT: I like the rooms, but the view from the front windows is rather monotonous.

JANITOR: Well, of course, mum, this is a flat, not one of them sight-seein' autos.—Boston Transcript.

Young and Fearless

"Mary, if you misbehave like that you will make your mother angry at you."

LITTLE MARY: That don't scare me, she ain't my wife.—Detroit News.

We hear that an enterprising firm of travel agents is arranging a series of tours of the Conference-fields.

—Punch.



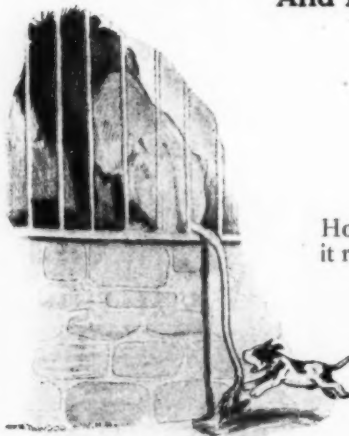
"Tell me, Boubiloff, how is it that everybody in Russia is a Bolsheviki?"
"My friend, half of them have lost their heads and the others are trying to hang on to theirs."

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

So Quick to Grasp His Opportunity And Make the Most of It

This Dog probably studies

Life



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82

Darley Dale

O H, I must be in Darley Dale before the sun dips low,
But can't tell, for the life of me; the way which I should go;
For if I take the one road there's Anabel to see,
And if I take the other road there is sweet Margery.

Within the eyes of Anabel there is a laughing lure,
The starry eyes of Margery are like the Cynosure;
Though Anabel's are larkspur-blue and Margery's are brown,
If I should think to drown myself, in both I'd like to drown.

The lovely lips of Anabel are like a crimson pink,
While Margery's seem a tulip cup that tempts a man to drink;
The hair of one has morning glints, the other's twilight hues;
The voice of each is melody. Pray, how am I to choose?

If Anabel starts marketing, the friendly grasses stir;
If Margery on an errand trips, the rushes bow to her;
Of both of them keep gossiping the leaves of every tree;
How can I tell if Anabel or Margery's for me?
Oh, I must be in Darley Dale before the sun dips low,
But can't say, for the heart of me, the way which I should go!

Clinton Scollard.

Tips on the Literary Market

A HEAVY sale awaits a good novel of American life without chapters proving that the author has been through college.

A novel with chapters indicating that the author has been through High School.

An outdoor novel that does not make you hate the outdoors.

A novel without a middle-aged hero as sophisticated and world-weary as a boy of twenty.

An English novel without a hero named Peter.

McC. H.

Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to FEED AND TRAIN your dog

KEEP HIM HEALTHY

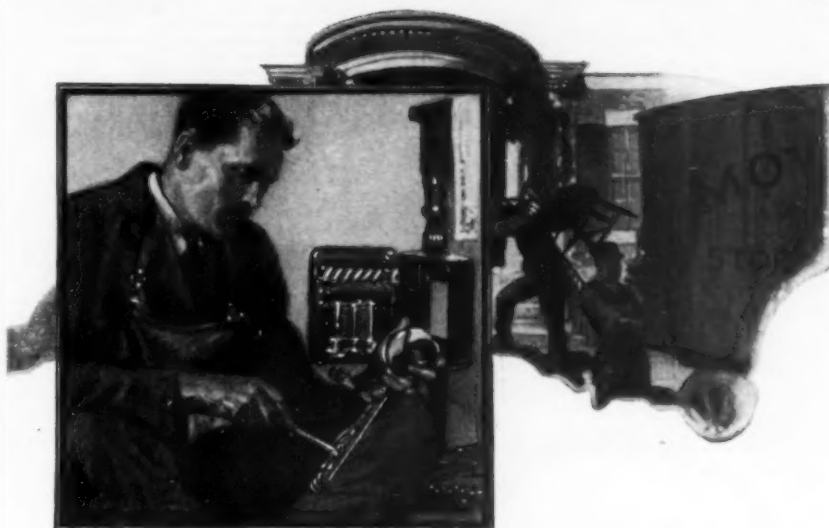
CURE DOG DISEASES
How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous

Q-W DOG REMEDIES

and 150 illustrations of dog leads, training collars, harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

Q-W LABORATORIES

Dept. 19 Bound Brook, New Jersey



1,820,000 Telephones Moved

In the telephone business every day is "moving day." Telephone subscribers are probably the most stable and permanent portion of our population; yet during the past year one telephone out of every seven in the Bell System was moved from one place of residence or business to another at some time during the year.

The amount of material and labor, and the extent of plant changes involved in "station movement" are indicated by the fact that this item of service cost the Bell System more than \$15,000,000 in 1921.

To most people, the connecting or disconnecting of a telephone seems a simple operation of installing or removing the instrument. As a matter of fact,

in every case it necessitates changes in the cables and wires overhead or underground. It also necessitates changes in central office wires and switchboard connections; in subscribers' accounts and directory listings; and frequently requires new "drop" lines from open wires or cables.

The problems of station movement are among the large problems of the telephone service. Because of the double operation of disconnecting and re-connecting, the work involved is often twice as great as in the case of new subscribers. With nearly 2,000,000 changes a year, it is only by the most expert management of plant facilities that Bell service is enabled to follow the subscriber wherever he goes.

"BELL SYSTEM"



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

Wedding Bells Ring for Journalist and Heiress

HE was a headline writer for a daily newspaper. She was the daughter of a prosperous bootlegger. They sat on the beach and watched the moonlight ripple on the ocean. After a silence he spoke.

"Scribe Woos Hooch King's Daughter. Meets Fate at Seashore."

"Oh, Tom," she murmured faintly, "when did you first know you really cared?"

"Journalist Smitten at Net Tilt.

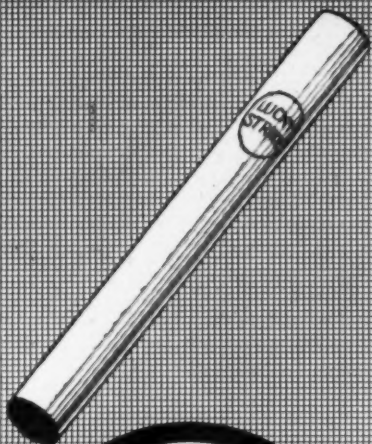
Loses Heart As Heiress Wins Tourney," he answered.

"And am I the only girl you ever loved?" she asked.

"Rum Magnate's Daughter Downs Rivals," he replied. "Pops Question On Beach."

"Tom," she breathed softly.

He clasped her tenderly in his arms and whispered in her ear: "Beach Parley Huge Success Says Scribe."



Cigarette



It's toasted. This one extra process gives a rare and delightful quality — impossible to duplicate

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-five years. In that time it has expended \$205,652.78 and has given a fortnight in the country to 42,722 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

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| "C. P. F., Jr." | 10.00 |
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A warning -bleeding gums

ARE your gums tender? Do they bleed when brushed? If so—watch out for Pyorrhea.

This disease of the gums, which afflicts four out of five people over forty, not only destroys the teeth, but often wrecks the health.

In Pyorrhea the gums become spongy, then recede; the teeth decay, loosen and fall out—or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about them. These germs lower the body's vitality and cause many diseases.

You can keep Pyorrhea away. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums prevents Pyorrhea—or checks its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

Start using it today. If your gums have receded, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

SWIM YOU may eat plenty of fish and you still be unable to swim. Learn correctly by a most modern method. Lessons graded in logical steps. Send your \$1.00 today and receive "Swimming Systematized." Postpaid.
G. G. Dowd, Suite P, 105 Palmetto St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



"He told me he would love me like a father."
"Look out! I was told the same thing—he'll probably give you a beating."
—La Vie Parisienne.

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| \$13,257.93 | |

The Purist

A GRAMMATICAL error would throw Smith into a frenzied mania.

At the age of nine his grandmother said "ain't," and he pursued her around the block with a hatchet.

"It was me," his mother uttered one day.

Smith promptly grabbed a horse-whip and lashed his parent until she collapsed.

"I wish I was dead," his sweetheart shrieked when he discarded her.

With an ironing-board close by he gratified her wish.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



"D -- n! My Tire's Stolen!"

You don't worry much about that blowout, until you get out and start to put on your spare—and find it isn't there! That's exasperating, and mighty expensive.

Cost of tire, loss of time, expense of sending for repair car—all could have been saved by a Powersteel Autowlock, costing \$2.50. At that price, how can you afford to be without one?

POWERSTEEL AUTOWLOCK is made of a four-foot length of weather-proofed Yellow Strand Wire Rope, with a sturdy, non-pickable spring lock. Handy, compact, reliable—thousands in use daily.

Get one for your spare tire. Price now \$2.50, east of the Rockies.

BASLINE AUTOWLINE, also made of famous Yellow Strand Wire Rope, is another dependable necessity. The original wire rope towline. Tight, compact—fits under seat cushion. Price now \$4.95. POWERSTEEL TRUCKLINE, is a heavier line, for truck-towing. \$8.65 with plain hooks; \$10.10 with Snaffle Hooks.

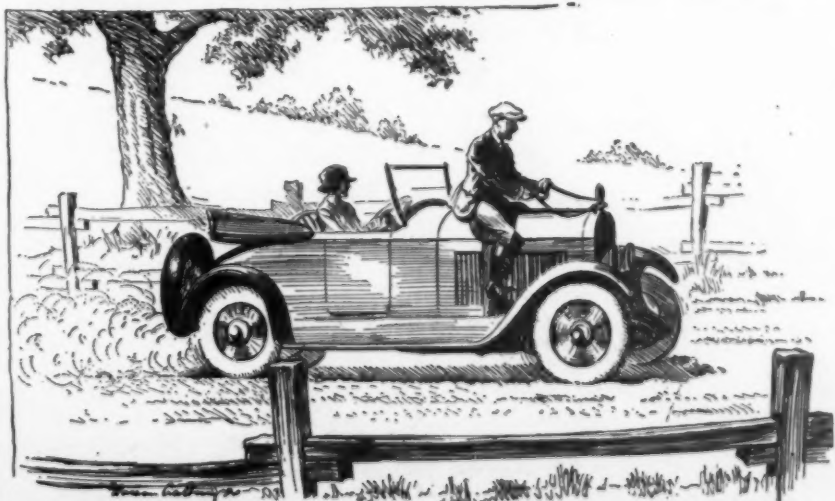
Sold by all good Dealers and Jobbers—
Write us for Free Descriptive Circulars

BRODERICK & BASCOM ROPE CO., ST. LOUIS—NEW YORK

Manufacturers of Celebrated Yellow Strand Wire Rope
Used at Leading Camps, Etc.

F252A

POWERSTEEL AUTOWLOCK



Jones preferred horseback riding and his wife motoring, so they compromised



"With Love—Bob"

So little to do so much.
Just a box of flowers
and three short words.
Just a minute or two
spared by a busy man
from a busy day. But
a golden deed, for it has
made two loving hearts
rich in happiness.

There can be no real
happiness for those
who hold you dear that
you are not partner to.
There can be no sor-
row so deep that you
cannot soften it, if you
show that you care.
Say it with flowers so
that those you love will
know.

Your Florist will be glad to aid
in the selections of floral tokens
appropriate for every occasion,
—weddings, birthdays,
wedding anni-
versaries.

"Say it with Flowers"
Flowers
may be tele-
graphed to all
parts of the United
States and Canada and
delivered in a few hours through the
Florist Telegraph Delivery Service.

THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department
will be found on page 24)

The Storm. *Universal.*—A typical Merton Gill production, featuring a strong, silent man of the forest, a metropolitan viper and a pure young girl. Sure to attract.

Salomé. *United Artists.*—Nazimova in a remarkably beautiful picture, based on Oscar Wilde's play, with striking settings done in the Beardsley manner.

South of Suva. *Paramount.*—More publicity for the South Seas, with Mary Miles Minter as the molested bride of a cruel planter. She is almost sacrificed by the cannibals, but is rescued in what Whistler used to call "the nick of time."

Nanook of the North. *Pathé.*—In many ways, the most genuinely interesting motion picture ever produced. You can not afford to miss it, whether you happen to like Eskimo Pie or not.

While Satan Sleeps. *Paramount.*—Jack Holt as a crook who assumes the guise of a parson and starts off on a safe-cracking expedition. His clerical garb, however, grows on him, and before long he is leading a reform movement. It is over-sentimental in theme, but so convincingly constructed and so well acted as to be well above the average.

Sherlock Holmes. *United Artists.*—John Barrymore as the detective who made Conan Doyle famous when spiritism was still in its infancy.

Silver Wings. *Fox.*—A mother-love story, featuring Mary Carr and several over-developed lachrymal glands.

Yellow Men and Gold. *Goldwyn.*—Thrilling melodrama of arch-criminals, buried treasure and rejection slips.

Nero. *Fox.*—A stupendous spectacle of high life in ancient Rome.

Our Leading Citizen. *Paramount.*—Thomas Meighan as a pleasant young lawyer who likes to go fishing. George Ade wrote the story. (Nobody else could have.)

My Wild Irish Rose. *Vitagraph.*—A decrepit melodrama of the days when all stage Irishmen were "clivir divils" and all Englishmen despicable cads.

For Review Next Week.—"The Dictator" and "God's Country and the Law."

The Weakest Link

HE never evaded a cent on his income tax.

He never lied about his golf score.
He never grafted a cigarette.

He never tried to smuggle anything through the Customs.

He never used his friends' telephones without paying.

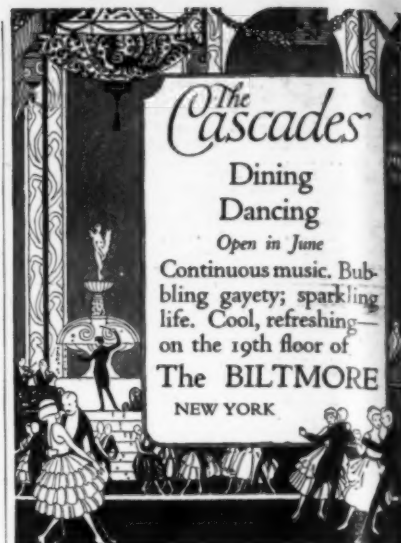
He never drank without returning a drink.

He never purposely led out of the wrong hand at bridge.

and yet

He always put lead-sinkers into the fish he caught. D. H. B.

THE CAREY PRINTING CO., INC.
NEW YORK



A Confirmed Optimist

AN energetic contractor, always in a hurry, borrowed a small and badly worn roadster from one of his carpenters for an emergency trip. The owner apologized for the machine being in rather bad order.

"Oh, that's all right," said the bustling employer, "I can drive anything that has four wheels." And calling to another employee to accompany him, he was off.

A little way down the road the contractor noticed the absence of a key to the ignition switch. Later on he discovered that the emergency brake did not work. After another mile he found himself rolling down a smooth, level road toward a bridge, and a second glance showed a six-foot gap between the bridge and the bank. Viciously he jammed on the foot-brake, only to find that its bands would not hold. He glanced from side to side of the road, which was flanked by deep ditches filled with rocks. Fifty yards from the fatal bridge he stepped hard on the reverse, but the reverse pedal was stuck and would not budge.

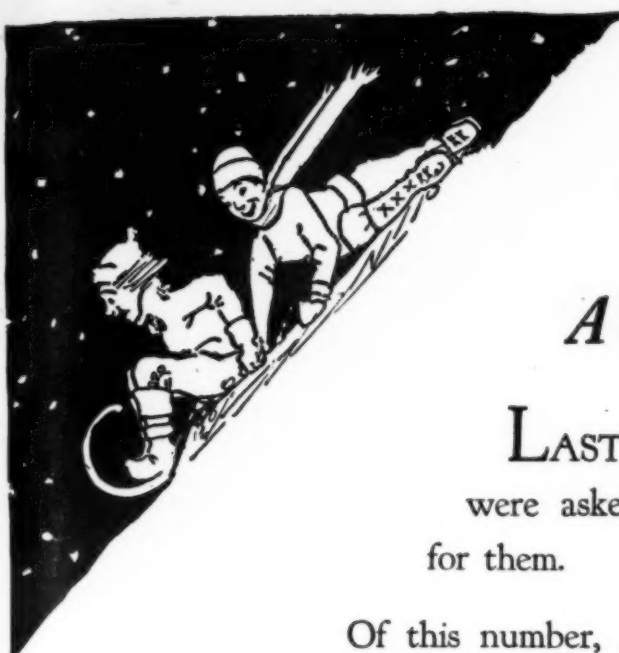
Turning to his companion, the contractor cheerfully remarked:

"Well, here's hoping the gas gives out!" C. B. P.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



BELL'S
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE



A Few Cold Facts

LAST SUMMER 3,619 people were asked if it was hot enough for them.

Of this number, 419 immediately jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge, 387 walked into rivers where there were no bridges, and 7,423 bought one-way tickets for Upper Iceland and points north.

Don't get cold feet *this* July—if you want to make LIFE possible the rest of the summer, chip off the coupon and slide it along to us, adding One Dollar in Cold Cash. You will be rewarded Tenfold.

This is the Zero Hour; Let's go!

Special Introductory Offer 10 Issues, \$1.00

(Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40)

However, there is no law against subscribing for a year, 52 issues, \$5.00.

(Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

Thereby saving \$2.90 over the newsstand price.

Dear LIFE:

Your Special Offer is a cool proposition. I accept it. Here is an icicle dollar bill.*

LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., N. Y., Dept. 239.

*Baby talk.

Your skin can be improved by one of these famous treatments

Skins differ widely — are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?

NO matter what the condition of your skin — you can improve it by using the right Woodbury treatment for its needs.

Skins differ widely — and the treatment that is right for one type of skin may fail to benefit another. If your skin is pale and sallow it needs a different treatment from a skin that is supersensitive.

YOU will find the right treatment for each dif-

ferent type of skin in the booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today — begin your treatment tonight. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.



IF your skin is sensitive and easily irritated, give it the special care described on page 6 of the booklet of special treatments wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Send today for a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

FOR 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

- A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
- A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
- A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
- A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder

The treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*"

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1007 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1007 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

*IF your skin is inclined to be too oily, use the special Woodbury treatment given on page 5 of the booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*."*

IF your skin is of the pale, sallow type it needs the treatment given on page 6 of the booklet wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP